

The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 42.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, THURSDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 20, 1892.

PRICE, 3 CENTS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Do you understand the Sheep Question?

It's furnishing a heap of political thunder just now. It furnishes a table question the year round. It's full of meat. Our side of it is the all-wool side.

Country clothes used to be a reproach. There was the Blue Jeans joke; and the home-made spinning joke; and the home-made making joke.

For over thirty-one years we've been killing off the jokes by clothing the country about us in the Wanamaker & Brown manufacture of Clothing.

We turn all-wool cloth into the most perfect Clothing that can be manufactured. We buy cloth by the carload; make Suits and Overcoats by the thousand, the five hundred or the hundred—as we think the goods are likely to be popular; and sell them at near cost as we dare to, and insure ourselves a solvent business.

Great and greater sales have attended us every year in this generous plan of clothing you; and our Ready-Made Clothing has become the American standard.

Thirty Dollar Suits
Twenty Dollar Suits
Ten Dollar Suits

Thirty Dollar Overcoats
Twenty Dollar Overcoats
Ten Dollar Overcoats

Dress Clothing and Every-Day Clothing, of qualities we know to be reliable, sold at lower prices by 15 to 20 per cent. than prices usual in Clothing stores, because we save a profit by manufacturing and selling the Clothing ourselves.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

We pay railroad excursion fare from Middletown if you purchase \$20 worth.

GREAT REDUCTIONS.

The Entire Stock of W. H. Moore & Co.

MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE IN ORDER TO SETTLE THE BUSINESS OF THE FIRM, THEREFORE THERE WILL BE A GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE GOODS.

W. H. MOORE AND CO.

NOW OPEN! NEW STORE UNDER TOWN HALL!

The Bargain Store of Middletown.

We place before customers daily Bargains in every line we offer. No Bait. Every article a Guaranteed Bargain. Don't these prices please you:

P I N S, full count, per paper, 1c. Best Needles, per paper, 1c. 1c.; Silk, 3c. Darning Needles, 5 for 1c. Carpet tacks, dozen papers, 1c. Good Envelopes, 3c. 144 sheets Note Paper, 10c. Good Lead, 2 sheets. 1c. Slates, 1c. Ink, 1c. 100c. 9c. Good Lead, 1c. Shoe Strings, per dozen, 2c. School Slates, 2 to 8c. Large Buttons, 5 for 1c. Best Pens, 3 for 1c. Shoe Buttons, per dozen, 1c. Bone Colar Buttons, per dozen, 4c. Safety Pins, large, per dozen, 2c. 25000 yards of Lace, 1c. and up. 20,000 yards Ribbon per yard, 2 to 10c. 100 Men and Boy's Suspenders per pair, 5c. to 30c. 50 dozen Ladies Corsets, 23c. to 40c. 90 dozen Children's Black Hose, large size, 7c. Men's Heavy Hose, 5c. Gents' Fine Hose, 7c. to 10c. Extra Good Spool Cotton, 2c. Stewarts Best Thread, 2c. Hair Pins, per pound, 12c. P. N. Corset Steels, 8c. Men's Linen Collars, 5c. to 8c. 25 Dozen Boy's Shirts, 10c. to 32c. 75 Dozen Men's Shirts, 10c. to 80c. Child's Corsets and Pantaloons, 10c. Men's Pantaloons, 25c. Boys' Suits, jackets and Knit Pantaloons, 25c. 75 dozen pairs of Men's and Boys' Overalls, 500 yards Shelf Oil Cloth, 3c. to 7c. per yard. Big Stock Glassware of all kinds. Shoemaker's Findings, 4 to 10c. All kinds of Brushes—White Wood Paint and Scrub, cheaper than the cheapest. Tinware—4 qt. coffee pot, 17c. 3 qt. 13c. 2 qt. 10c. 1 qt. 8c. Hardware—Rivets and Burs, 13c.; cut Nails 24c. per pound. Hinges, 2c. 3 and 4c. per pair. Pad Locks 5 to 19c. Auger Bits, 4 inch, 5c.; 5-16 inch, 7c.; 1 inch, 8c.; 1 inch, 10c. Door Locks, 18 to 22c. Bolts, 3x3 inches, 7c. per dozen. Hog Rings, 100 in box, 10c. Mann's Axes, 56c. Jack Hammers, 3 to 5c. Hatchets, 8 to 30c. Monkey Wrenches, 8 to 30c. Saw Handles, 8c. Spring Balances, 24 lbs. 8c. Horse Clippers, \$1.15. Garden Rakes, 10 teeth, 10c.

*—ONE PRICE TO ALL.—**

In case any purchase made from us does not prove perfectly satisfactory bring it back and your money will be refunded.

MESSICK'S CHEAP CASH STORE.

GOLDEY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE AND SCHOOL OF SHORT-HAND AND TYPE-WRITING, WILMINGTON, DEL.

INSTITUTE BUILDING, 8TH AND MARKET STREETS.

Course of study that will fit you for either sex or a means of livelihood. All competent graduates secure positions. Last year 220 students (95 ladies) from 38 places and 7 States attended this College. 52 graduates. Individual instruction; therefore new students enter at any time. Tuition \$100.00 per year. Books \$10.00. Textbooks, full descriptive catalogue, with photo-engravings, mailed free. Write for it. References: any prominent citizen of Wilmington.

Miscellaneous Ads.



BEST MADE CLOTHING IN PHILADELPHIA.

Our Serges will enable you to keep cool. They are in blue, black and gray, and range from \$10 to 25. The \$14 suit is a happy medium and very popular, combining style, durability and everything requisite for comfort.

A breezy line of Negligee Shirts White and Fancy Flannel Coats, Black and Fancy Alapaccas, at moderate cost.

Everybody is getting onto our Bathing Suits—before long everybody will be getting into the inner office.

The superintendent of police, standing upon the threshold where he had dismissed his last visitor, looked attentively at the heavily veiled figure which moved toward him. Placing an arm-chair for her beside his desk, he seated himself in his official post and waited for her to speak. Without any hesitation, she threw aside her veil, glancing around the office as if particularly curious as to her surroundings. She was a woman about thirty years of age, whose face, though wearing an expression of the profoundest melancholy, was remarkably lovely and interesting.

"I have come to you for advice," she said, looking questioningly at the superintendent.

He was a thin, wiry little man, who with the tips of his forefingers pressed closely together was regarding her keenly through half-shut eyes.

"I shall be most happy to give it, madam."

The lady smiled slightly—it was plain to see that she smiled seldom—at a suggestion in his tone.

"Perhaps your advice is often asked than taken," she said. "That is no unusual occurrence anywhere, and may I say frankly that it is quite probable I may not act upon yours."

The superintendent bowed impressively, a twinkle in the keen, half-shut eyes.

"A diamond ring," she began, "has been stolen from my writing desk, and under peculiar circumstances. The drawer in which it was placed was intended for a jewel casket, and its existence, even, known only to myself. I put the ring into the drawer last night about eleven o'clock. This morning it was gone, and I have not the least clue to its disappearance."

"How was the drawer located?" the superintendent asked, as she paused a moment.

"It was at the back of another drawer which had to be taken out before the casket could be reached. It was opened by touching a secret spring."

"And the desk itself?"

"Was made to order for me some years ago."

"You say no one but yourself knew of the existence of this drawer?"

"No one but the cabinet maker and—my husband—who died three years ago."

The tone died away in a whisper. So the confirmed melancholy of the face, the heavy drapery shrouding the slender figure—these were accounted for.

"I must know something of your house, my husband, madam."

"My house is a three-story brownstone in the middle of the block, on Uhler avenue. My sleeping room is the rear room on the second floor. The desk stands in an extension at the rear of that, and at right angles with the window. I have no family—my servants, a housekeeper, and whose son lives in the house, and then set as vigorously to work on a pile of papers lying on his desk."

"What is your opinion of the honesty of these persons?"

"The cook has never to my knowledge entered those rooms. My housekeeper, an old lady and dear friend, is above suspicion. So also is her son."

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"You probably in your profession suspect everybody," the lady said a little sharply.

"Pardon, madam, not everybody. Is her son employed about the house?"

"He—I at one time employed him as a coachman, but he was not trustworthy."

"And her house is only a stone's throw from this station," the superintendent remarked.

"It will be easy for you to keep an eye on it for a while—she who goes out and comes in. I believe every syllable she says, and yet—Put Willis on the track of this young Cheyne. He's a lynx, Willis is, and if there's any crooked work

QUESTIONING.

It is there a doubt in your heart to-day?

That stretches it's shadow across to me.

If you cannot look in my eyes and say,

"My trust is perfect and full and free,"

For the sake of a day that would work us woe,

I pray you, pity, and tell me so.

When you look into my eyes and kiss my face

And hold me close to your throbbing heart,

Is there ever in it a hint or place

That tells you we could ever part?

Does a doubt, so faint as an unknown breath,

Suggest a parting that was not death?

Dear love, search so deep in your heart, I pray,

That it's dimmest corner shall come to light,

Then let me straight in the eyes and say,

The truth, as the truth seems just and right,

If your love can change—ah, love does, I know—

I pray you, pity, and tell me so.

—C. M. Manville.

THE ONLY LINK.

A LADY, chief. The clerk bowed slightly, as with a gesture he intimated to the caller, who had waited for nearly half an hour in the outer room, that she was at liberty to enter the inner office.

The superintendent of police, standing upon the threshold where he had dismissed his last visitor, looked attentively at the heavily veiled figure which moved toward him. Placing an arm-chair for her beside his desk, he seated himself in his official post and waited for her to speak. Without any hesitation, she threw aside her veil, glancing around the office as if particularly curious as to her surroundings. She was a woman about thirty years of age, whose face, though wearing an expression of the profoundest melancholy, was remarkably lovely and interesting.

"I will tell you, certainly," she said, in a soft, clear voice, "that he's about as harmless an idiot as you could find; knows enough to get drunk occasionally, but even then generally has some one at his elbow to jog it for him. He never took that ring for which I could swear to—unless it were left under his nose."

"Who did, then?"

"A question easier asked than answered."

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders.

"I should judge from Willis's report that he's about as harmless an idiot as you could find; knows enough to get drunk occasionally, but even then generally has some one at his elbow to jog it for him. He never took that ring for which I could swear to—unless it were left under his nose."

"How about the suspicious John Cheyne?"

"I should judge from Willis's report that he's about as harmless an idiot as you could find; knows enough to get drunk occasionally, but even then generally has some one at his elbow to jog it for him. He never took that ring for which I could swear to—unless it were left under his nose."

"No, I am positive."

"And there is nothing missing but the ring?"

"There was nothing in the drawer—in the house. My other jewels—I wear no ornaments now of any kind, but I had many at the time this drawer was made for them—have been for months in the care of the Safe Deposit Company."

"Was the ring marked, madam?"

"Yes."

"In what way? Pardon me, but I must gain all the information possible."

"A date and initials—mine and—"

"Your husband's?"

"Not my husband's."

The superintendent was studying with great interest the point of a pencil which he had picked up from his desk.

"Are you willing to tell me why this was the only piece of jewelry you kept in the house? Not unless you are willing, you understand," he added, as she shrank a little.

"I will tell you, certainly," she said, in a soft, clear voice, "that he's about as harmless an idiot as you could find; knows enough to get drunk occasionally, but even then generally has some one at his elbow to jog it for him. He never took that ring for which I could swear to—unless it were left under his nose."

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ABRAM VANDEGRIFT,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

ADVERTISING RATES.
Advertisers will be inserted at the
rate of twenty cents an inch for the first inser-
tion and twenty-five cents an inch for each
subsequent insertion. A liberal discount
to yearly advertisers.

Local Notices five cents a line for the first
insertion. Death and Marriage Notices
inserted free.

Subscription Price, one dollar per annum
in advance. Single copy, three cents.

Objectionable medicine notices and que-
stionable advertisements of any nature what-
soever are not taken at any price.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.00 A YEAR.

Thursday Afternoon, Oct. 20, 1892

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES.

FOR PRESIDENT:
GROVER CLEVELAND.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS,
CHARLES B. LORE,
EZEKIEL W. COOPER,
WILLIAM H. COLBOURN.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS
JOHN W. CAUSEY.

FOR SHERIFF,
JAMES J. TONER.

FOR CORONER,
JAMES H. KIRK.

FOR RECEIVER OF TAXES AND COUN-
TREASURER,
JOHN T. DICKEY.

FOR COUNTY COMPTROLLER,
JOHN F. STAATS.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE,
COLUMBUS WATKINS.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
WILLIAM A. SCOTT.

FOR ASSESSOR,
ALEXANDER METTEN.

FOR ROAD COMMISSIONER,
JOHN P. COCHRAN, JR.

We denounce the Republican protec-
tion as a fraud; a robbery of the great
majority of the American people for the
benefit of the few; We declare it to be a
fundamental principle of the Democratic
party that the Federal Government has
no constitutional power to impose and
collect tariff duties, except for the pur-
poses of revenue only, and we demand
that the collection of such taxes shall be
limited to the necessities of the Govern-
ment, when honestly and economically
administered.—Democratic Platform.

The trend of affairs in Philadelphia seems to indicate that the "Broad St. Omnibus" will now be before the councils of that city will not pass both branches. This bill, if passed in its present shape, will impose an annual tax of six hundred dollars upon each omnibus run by the Omnibus Company General and would have the effect of compelling that company to withdraw its line of coaches from Broad St., and to cease business on that thoroughfare. We would regard such an event with deep regret, and we are certain that we voice the sentiment of the large urban constituency contiguous to Philadelphia, when we state that the establishment of the Broad St. line was regarded as one of the emphatic evidence of the existence of the spirit of the "New Philadelphia," and to the great majority of visitors to that city the magnificent Broad street was a revelation. Prominent places of public resort for recreation and profit and terminal stations were made more conveniently accessible than ever before and the suppression of this artery of travel would be regarded by the visitors to Philadelphia as a retrograde movement. We hope for the future of Philadelphia herself, as well as for the vast number of people who frequently visit the city of Brotherly Love, that this bill will not pass.

Who pays the tax on tin-plate? Ask a Republican and he will tell you that the foreign manufacturer of tin-plate pays the import duty on all the tin-plate which he sends to this country. Ask a well informed man who is not a Republican, and he will tell you that the consumer pays the duty. But the latter is true in some cases only. A little more than a year ago the editor of this paper was conversing with a prominent tomato packer in this State, who put upon the market annually about half a million cans of tomatoes, and during the conversation the fact was elicited that the packer had placed his contracts for tomatoes at \$6.00 per ton, and had sold his entire output before he had made his cans—his usual custom.

Owing to the passage of the McKinley law, the price of the tin required to make his supply of cans for 1893 advanced \$1800, which he said was the amount of his year's profits. Upon being asked how he would manage to make a profit this year he replied "I must either get more for my goods or pay the farmers less for tomatoes." This year he contracted to sell his output for the same price as last year and the farmer gets only \$5.50 per ton for his tomatoes. In this case the tariff is paid by the farmer and the burden of the tax is placed on the class least able to bear it. These are facts verified by the editor of this paper by inquiries made of the farmer and packer. Who pays the tax?

The issues involved in this cam-
paign are more important than in any
in the history of the Republic, for the
very foundation of our institutions has
been attacked in the infamous Force
bill, which, notwithstanding the re-

peated repudiation of it by the Republicans, is not dead, but they are striving by every means in their power to gain a victory at the polls in November, that they may adopt the measure which will place the election machinery, not in the hands of the people where it belongs, but in the hands of a hiring who will hold his office for life and appoint his own successor and thus introduce the wedge that will result in the overthrow of the foundation of free government, free ballot, free speech and a free people. It is not individual interests alone that are involved in this campaign, but the interests of the whole people, and the man who neglects to take every precaution to place himself in a position that will entitle him to vote and then to cast that vote in the interest of freedom of franchise and the reform of the tariff, will prove himself un-American in spirit and in act, and no more entitled to enjoy the protection of our government and the enjoyment of our institutions than the alien who has never set foot upon our shores.

Register !!

There is a number of Democrats in this State who have not pursued the necessary formality of being registered in order to become qualified voters, and it is essential, not only to the success of the Democratic party, but to the assertion of their manhood and their citizenship that they do so at once. It is something new for a Delawarean to see that his name is on a registration list, and that something more is necessary to vote than the mere possession of a tax receipt, and those who have not attended to their registration have failed because they do not attach the importance to that procedure that belongs to it. Unless you are registered you cannot vote, no matter how many, how large the amount of the receipts held by you, and as there will be but two more days on which to qualify and register you should not delay longer. The remaining days on which registration is possible are Saturdays, October 22d, and 23d, and if you have not done so it behoves you to register on the first day possible.

MCKINLEY'S SOPHISTRY.

J. A. B. DILWORTH.

It doubtless is most satisfactory to the greater portion of the American people, that the present political contest has been unusually free from what is known in this country as mud-slinging. It has been an educational campaign throughout, and neither party has given much countenance to slanders and vituperations. To me it is an evidence of a higher moral elevation reached by the American people. Party passions have subsided. The mind seeks for information, and the desire of the public heart is that truth and justice should prevail at the coming presidential election. That condition of the public mind appears to me to be so plainly apparent, that I view with amusement some of the utterances that have recently fallen from the lips of Governor McKinley. My respect for Major McKinley as an earnest honest patriotic citizen has been second to no man's. I have always disagreed with him on the question of tariff legislation and with his protection proclivities, but I have ascribed to his pure motives, and did not believe that his interest in his own political welfare, nor any interest he might have in his own or his friends' manufacturing business prompted him to advocate protection, but that he was a protectionist because he honestly thought the best interest of the country would be best conserved by protection laws. His great speech, made at the Atlanta (Ga.) Exposition in 1886, outlined a policy of protection that was perfectly consistent, even defending communities for protecting themselves against other communities by a license system. I must not confess that the speeches McKinley has been making in this campaign have pained me much; not because any arguments that he has advanced have shaken my faith in the principle of free trade, for I am a free trader even if my party is unprepared for it. He has not done that in the least. If affected at all by him, he has strengthened my faith in the eternal justice of free exchange of commodities among men. I am not pained because of any fear that he has endangered the Democratic cause by his speeches, for I really think his work has been ineffectual; but I am pained to think that statesman, whom I respect so highly, should resort to sophistry and subterfuge to sustain a cause and to advance an argument. I have spoken of this in a previous letter, and with regret. He did this when he used a lot of worthless statistics, furnished by an interested industry, to claim that the average wages of an American workman was seventy-seven per cent. higher than an English workman's wages. The statement was not true; nor was it, if true, anything but sophistical when used by him in the connection in which he used it. He knew better when he claimed, as he frequently has done in this campaign, that the foreign manufacturers paid the duties, and hence helped to pay the American taxes. He knew that his celebrated ten dollar suit was largely shoddy, but he concealed that fact, or sought to do so, from his auditors, and now he has resorted to sophistry and subterfuge to induce his hearers to believe that protection laws, as a principle of government, have been declared by the Supreme Court of the United States to be unconstitutional. Major McKinley is a lawyer, and of ability and national repute, and he knew that while he truthfully stated what that decision was, he falsely appropriated the decision as a legalization of the protective principles of his proscriptive tariff bill. He knew right well that the Supreme Court of the United States had never sustained any such theory, that the taxing laws may legally be used for bestowing bounties on special beneficiaries.

A two year old child, given up by her doctor, cured. Mr. Henry Umfreville, 119 Elmer St., Buffalo, N. Y., relates the following: "Four years ago I first tried Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for my little two year old daughter, who was given up by the doctor, and three or four bottles completely cured her. I have two children, and as soon as a cold or cough affects them, down comes the syrup and away goes the cough or cold."

To-day

Hood's Sarsaparilla stands at the head in the medicine world, admired in popularity and envied in merit by thousands of would-be competitors. It has a larger sale than any other medicine. Such success could not be won without positive merit.

Mechanics cannot afford to be without Salvation Oil.—Mr. Frank Stubenbauer, 1337 Elm St., Dubuque, Iowa, tells us of the good results obtained from it as follows: "I used Salvation Oil on a sprained elbow, which threatened to prevent me from working and with several thorough rubbings I awoke next morning so much relieved, to be able to go to work. Had I not used Salvation Oil I would have lost a week's work."

Talk's cheap, but when it's backed up by a pledge of the hard cash of a financially responsible firm, or company, of world-wide reputation for fair and honorable dealing, it means business!

Now, there are scores of sarsaparilla and other blood-parifiers, all cracked up to be the best, purest, most peculiar and wonderful, bear in mind (for your own sake), there's only one guaranteed blood-purifier and remedy for torpid liver and all diseases that come from bad blood.

That one—standing solitary and alone—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

If it doesn't do good in skin, scalp and scrofulous diseases—and pulmonary consumption is only lung scrofula just let its makers know and get your money back.

Talk's cheap, but to back a poor medicine, or a common one, by selling it on trial, as "Golden Medical Discovery" is sold, would bankrupt the largest fortune.

Talk's cheap, but only "Discovery" is guaranteed.

An only daughter cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. J. Wilkins, of Philadelphia, having many herbs of Columbia, which he had made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption. His child is now in this country, and enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that Consumption can be positively and permanently cured.

The Doctor now gives the recipe free, only asking two 2-cent stamps to pay expenses. This is the "Golden Medical Discovery" of the Stomach, which will break up a cold flesh in twenty-four hours. Address CHADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

The paradox is in the prices which are thirty, forty and fifty per cent off. Peculiar that this

is. So well did he know it, that he dared not make the enacting clause of his celebrated bill read "for the purpose of raising revenue and promoting internal industries by discriminating national tariff taxes." He knew right well that such a law would not be sustained by the Supreme Court, and hence the protective features of the bill are covered up under the plea of raising revenues.

It seems to me that the leading speakers of the Republican party, and writers for that party's papers, must entertain the opinion that the average auditor at a Republican meeting, or reader of the Republican press, must be possessed of a very limited amount of intelligence to be influenced by arguments, the base of which are misinterpretation, mis-information, and sophistical interpretation of court decisions and application of figures.

Major McKinley was the last man of all the Republican lights whom I would suppose would resort to these methods. We expected it from Mr. Blaine, for they have always been his great political methods; from Senators Allison and Aitchison they might be expected, and Senator Sherman has, on several occasions, on the stump, resorted to the same methods. And alas! quite too often have our own Democratic advocates been guilty of such faults, I cannot, however, believe that there can be any very great love of country, or of countrymen, or very lofty patriotism, or any deep seated honesty, in the soul of a man, who, after all the Republican lights whom I would suppose would resort to these methods. We expected it from Mr. Blaine, for they have always been his great political methods; from Senators Allison and Aitchison they might be expected, and Senator Sherman has, on several occasions, on the stump, resorted to the same methods. 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The Transcript,

Thursday Afternoon, Oct. 21st, 1892

THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD BOY.

Through a tangle of purple heather,
Where the wimpling brook doth deep,
A lad in his Highland bonnet
Came driving a flock of sheep.
The flock, he had reached its border,
Half hidden in shining moss,
Where the sheepwalk sloped to the shal-
lows.
At which they were used to cross—
The flock, in many a silly shamus,
Twice or thrice had started back,
Because in the path before them,
Right over the beaten track.
A sketcher sat with her case,
So busy she had not stirred;
And the notes of the hoofs had pattered
Upon the shallop as she started.
"Hast oft' on' my' guid?" the shepherd
Brawled lustily from the steep—
"Hast' not' on' my' guid' ye scatte'r
And righten aw' the sheep."
From the copse a livelit gillie
Stepped suddenly to his side—
"To wha' do ye spak' so guidly?" quered
The boy with a captious frown;
"Wae dinna she hold her skepsie,
Why could'na' she wear her crown?"
—Margaret J. Preston in *Youth's Companion*.

THE DEEP CUT.

It was a beautiful May morning. I uncrossed my legs (I had, still, have a habit of uncrossing myself up when I want to enjoy a good novel), tossed my book aside, stretched myself warmly and looked down the road toward Woodburn. Although I had done nothing but read all morning, I was hungry. Youth and high health always combine to strengthen the demand for breakfasts. It was time my dinner had come, I said to myself, glancing at the clock in my cage-like room. Just then a familiar sound caused me to rise and open the door.

There, on the path beside the railway, stood Tim Ferris. His golden curls were blowing across his blue eyes, dancing up and down in the May wind, looking like clover heads before the breeze. He was pattering along barefooted on the clay path made by the workmen who made the deep cut and the bridge. The basket on his arm seemed a trifle heavy. He was puffing energetically when I called to him:

"What's your hurry, Tim?"

He hurried on until he stood at the bottom of the steps leading up to my station, looked up at me with sparkling eyes and answered:

"I couldn't help it. I'm to go to Woodburn to see the circus, and there's a real live elephant, and a ostrich, and lions and whales and a unicorn!"

Here Tim, relieved of his basket and bucket, drew a long breath, looked at his feet, at his ragged clothes, then up at me, wistfully and added: "I don't know how many things there is, but Jim Stacy says there never was nothing like it. And man said I can go—I've got to be quick, 'cos Jim Stacy's goin to take me in his wagon, and he's mornin' rathin' things to git ready."

"That's all right, Tim," said I, "you'd best not wait for the things. I'll take them home myself. You just hasten home, young man, and—here."

Tim's eyes grew as big as two saucers as he looked at the coin in his palm, then up into my eye. His bright blue eyes were moist; the little fellow was crying with joy already. He opened his mouth to thank me, but cut him short.

"That's all right, Tim. You cut right back home, and tell your mother I will make the damage good if anything happens to your new suit. I won't do go shabby, Tim. You must blacken your shoes and put a ribbon on your hat."

"Mam, won't have no time."

"You listen to me. You can go home through the deep cut!"

"Through the tunnel, Mr. Moore!"

"I said through the tunnel. It will save more than half a mile, and you will be ready before Stacy calls for you."

"I'm glad you told me."

And Tim was off like a bird. What a happy little fellow he was, so brave and manly, and the soul of truth. It shone in his bright blue eyes; illuminated his whole face. Nobody could look at Tim Ferris, ragged, dirty, sunburned as he was, without seeing and appreciating all that was most to be admired and loved in a child of eight. That was the sum total of Tim's life.

As his yellow curls glistened in the sunshine, I gave him a parting glance, then put my foot on the steps to mount to my station when the clattering of a horse's hoofs on the road fell on my ear.

It was Bob Somers going home from Woodburn with the morning mail for his father's mill. I knew Bob and Bob's horse well. He reined up, dismounted leisurely, as was his wont, and sat down on my steps to talk about the last frolic over at Siddle's barn raising. Meantime, I was absorbing Mrs. Ferris' warm meat, biscuit, pies and mils as fast as a hungry man could, talking between bites. The office was as quiet as a churchyard. Bob was describing, in strict confidence, the young lady who was to be Mrs. Bob Somers some day, when Rockford called me.

I paused in the act of nipping a good half of one of Mrs. Ferris' pies, and inclined an ear. Rockford was twelve miles west of my station. Usually I called Rockford, and then only to communicate matters of moment sent me from the east. Otherwise I was not to meddle with Rockford. The call from Rockford sounded sharper even than usual. It was so imperative that even Bob Somers remarked it.

"Sounds like as if they were in an all-fired hurry, whoever it is."

I bounded up the steps and answered promptly. Rockford responded in return. Short, clear and sharp came the message:

Bridge down at Baker's Run. Construction train the Woodburn at 12th. Advise Woodburn.

Such a shock I never experienced before, and I hope I never may again. A cold chill ran over me. I suppose it was imagination, but I thought my heart ceased to beat for a half a minute, and then it gave a mighty throb as I signalled Wood-

burn, sharply, again and again. Woodburn responded crustily. I repeated the message, then stood just long enough to receive the O. K. In the meantime I had decided upon my course.

I leaped—I did not run—down the short flight of stairs in front of my station, sprang upon Bob Somers' horse, spurred him with my heels viciously and galloped along the railway as fast as the horse would carry me. I did not pause to explain; I did not speak; all my energies centered on one object. A human life—a precious human life—was at stake, and that life was the light of a household.

I had unwittingly sent little Tim Ferris to his death.

To explain. The Woodburn connection was new. Months must elapse before travel and traffic of considerable volume would be directed over the new branch. In the meantime one passenger and one freight train moved east and west past Stanley every morning and evening. The road between Rockford and Woodburn was so silent the greater part of the time that the birds made nests near the ties, and squirrels frisked along the rails in the sun-shine undisturbed.

I imagined, as I galloped madly along the railway, now on one track, now between the tracks, now on the other, I could hear the roar of the construction train thundering around the curves near the river. Once-twice I checked the horse, and listened with throbbing heart. The deep cut echoed the sound of the engine. I fancied I heard the chug! chug! chug! of the locomotive, but I was not sure. All the while I was in the agony of apprehension. The deep cut was a dangerous place for an adult. There were places where the crumpling bank of soft earth and sand sloped down to the track. Unless a man or woman had the presence of mind to lie down on the bank, a train passing would grind them to pieces. There were other places where the jutting rocks were so close to the track that not one man in a thousand could have maintained his place while a train thundered past him, and last—worst of all—there was the tunnel. Short as it was, more than one poor life had been lost in it.

And I sent little Tim through the deep cut to certain death. I felt like a murderer. My thoughtlessness would cost a human life. I, and I alone, was responsible.

These thoughts occupied my mind to the exclusion of everything else. I resolved my own dangers, the risk I assumed by Bob Somers' horse to it. I failed to emerge from the cut in time, horse and rider would be ground down by the construction train. Even if the engine should see me before I entered the tunnel, the curves were so short he would be unable to lessen the speed of the train, and once I entered the tunnel, with the locomotive following me, I would be crushed to a pulp.

"We beat the railroad, didn't we?" said little Tim, looking up at me with a face whose pallor contrasted strangely with the stains of sand and gravel. It was the first word uttered from the moment I picked him up.

"Yes, Tim, by God's mercy."

"But we'd caught what the horse got if he hadn't jumped?" Then, after a short pause, "I'm most afraid to go to see the unicorn and the lion."

"Oh, but you will, Tim! and you must tell me how many bears and monkeys you see at the circus. I'll go home with you and see that your mother gets you ready in time for Stacy."

I did, and Tim saw enough at the circus that afternoon to furnish him with speculations that lasted as long as I was on duty at Stanley station.

The company paid Bob Somers a handsome sum for his horse, but if you'd toss all the land lying on either side of the Woodburn branch, and the branch itself into one lump, I'd not go through one minute of that day's experience for it. —David Lowry in *Pittsburg Bulletin*.

—18m

Making Great Progress.

Senior Partner—How is our new buyer getting on?

Junior Partner—First rate. He writes that he has already been introduced to fifteen models. —C. R. Re-

view.

A old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and chest diseases, and a radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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As I thought of Bob Somers' horse, the horrors that might ensue in the tunnel in case the horse threw the train off the track, my course was on the instant.

I galloped down to Tim's side; he had turned on hearing the horse's hoofs clattering over the ties and roadbed, and stood looking up at me with a smiling face. Leaning toward him, calling to him to give me both hands, I lifted him suddenly, grasping him in a fierce sweep, and held him close before me as I urged the horse onward.

Tim's face, as he looked into mine, displayed terror. He clung to me instinctively, closing his lips firmly. No sound escaped him. The iron sound followed fast along at my back with a dull roar. It was a race between Bob Somers' steed and the iron horse. Bob Somers' steed fairly bounded when the roar of the iron horse swelled into a warning volume.

On he sped, until suddenly the light of day was excluded. The sultry roar was silenced for a time. I breathed freer. The danger was not so imminent after all.

Suddenly an awful sound struck terror to my heart. Bob Somers' horse snorted, trembled, snorted again, then shot forward so suddenly as almost to unseat me. The locomotive had entered the tunnel!

Have you ever realized the similarity the tread that heavy iron wheels bear to the steady tread of a thoroughbred? Stand on a railway bridge in the silence of the night and listen to the rush and roar of the locomotive going and coming, and you will understand me clearly.

The awe inspiring tread of the lightning footed steed following me obliterated all other feelings for a time. The earth reeled and rocked beneath me. I pictured myself an atmosphere charged with the heat and glare of the panting iron monster as it rushed down upon horse and rider, saw in my mind man, boy and steed hurled to the side of the tunnel, ground morsorously under the wheels. Among all the vivid experiences of my life—and I have survived a battle charge, shipwreck and railroad horrors—none ever impressed me with the horror I felt in the short space of time I was in that tunnel, listening to the murderous wheels rolling down upon us.

I recalled the horrors of a calamity that stunned the nation—a railway disaster where scores were sacrificed. Then as now the earth seemed fairly to yawn before me as I clamped

my hands to my ears to shut out the screams of my fellows.

In a flash the lights in the crowded coaches were extinguished; there was a shock as of worlds coming together, a crash and a roar of crashing steam, followed by the snapping and cracking of timbers, the grinding of iron and stone and wood in indescribable confusion. Such a scene as the stars shone on that winter's night I trust human eye may never witness again. Shapeless limbs scorched beyond recognition; faces blackened, ghastly, twisted, trunks isolated limbs, a woman's long tresses waving here, a hand thrust up there, the crackling, seething flames licking up, devouring, overpowering all.

I rode blindly, dazed, into daylight with all my senses strained to their utmost tension. Woodburn lay peacefully in the bright sunlight off to the right. I could see the church spires and court house across the top of the bank. There was one chance in a thousand, a chance for Tim and me.

I shook my feet free of the stirrups, swung Tim around in front of the left, at the same time swinging my right leg over the pomme of the saddle, and plunged rather than leaped into the bank of sand and fine gravel. Our plunge set the sand in motion; but I held Tim's face upon the superintendant's shoulder, and, with his arm about her, he led her out of the station house. It was not more than ten minutes before he returned. The captain of the project was alone. Upon a bench, his face covered with a handkerchief, lay the body of the suicide, whose blood stained the floor.

"And I could have murdered him once," the captain said facing his chief.

"You know now the only secret and the only sorrow of my life."

They stood apart together as a wagon rattled up to the door and the dead body was carried out of the station house.

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